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fore the prominent families die out and their places are taken by men who rise from the temperate middle classes.

But why multiply authorities for what we know all too well? The real question is: "What can we, as nurses, do about this evil? What is our share in stopping the destruction?"

It consists in just two things, example and teaching. Always and everywhere we can set the example of total abstinence and explain it by explaining that alcohol is a poison and that we do not wish to poison ourselves; that it makes us more liable to contagion, and that being always exposed to disease germs it becomes us to be careful. To expectant mothers we can speak of the necessity of keeping their systems clear of alcohol. We can warn young girls against marrying men who drink even a little, not only because a little may lead to more, but because of its probable effect upon their children; and when it is too late for that warning, we can caution them that when there has been wine for dinner, no chances must be taken of conception till it has absolutely passed out of the system of both.

No women, except doctors, have such opportunities as we to inculcate the truest information on these subjects, the sane, practical, scientific information that leads to results.

Let us do what Miss Jaquith suggests, but let us also try to thus strike at the root of the Upas tree of alcoholism. Nothing will build up temperance sentiment and temperance action so well so accurate scientific knowledge, and we are a great company of women to publish the tidings.

A CALL TO THE COUNTRY

By ALICE JANE DREW, R.N.

Graduate of the Laura Franklin Hospital, New York City

Having just returned from a long tedious case, I was preparing for a good night's sleep, when the telephone rang. It was a call, scarlet fever, in the country. Being very weary, my first thought was to refuse, but something said, "Go."

I hurriedly packed my bag, looked at the time table, and found I had thirty minutes before the last train left that would stop at W.

It was snowing very hard, but I drew on my crocheted cap and heavy ulster, and started for the drug store for a supply of carbolic. At this store is a nurses' registry. The head clerk asked where I was going. When I told him, he replied, "Well, you are brave. Dr. B. phoned here, and I told him we did not have a nurse that would take the case. Do you know, there are four children sick with scarlet fever,

and no one to help you but the mother, and she is all tired out. I tell you, it is more than you can stand." I did not wait to hear more, but hastened to the depot.

When I arrived at my destination, I went into the station, put on my sweater (which I had brought with me), under my ulster, pulled my cap well over my ears, and started out to find a livery man to take me to my patient. Fortunately the driver knew the patient, as I had no idea of the way. But the doctor had assured me over the telephone that every one knew "Pete" Reilly.

It was eleven o'clock when we stopped at the little country house. I was so cold I could hardly get out of the buggy. My ulster was wet with sleet as the wind made it impossible to hold an umbrella. It was dark, but I managed to find my way to the door. When the door opened, the stench that came forth was almost overpowering, but I hurried in. As soon as I had removed my wraps and put on my uniform, in the kitchen, I was taken up stairs. Every breath seemed more and more oppressive.

At the head of the stairs were two little rooms. In the first, a girl of fourteen, and a boy of four years of age, who had reached the desquamation stage, were in a small bed. This and a chair were the sole furnishings of the room. Leading to the next room was a narrow passageway. In this stood a stove with a roaring fire. In the second little room, in a three-quarter bed, were two children, a girl of ten, in the first stage of scarlet fever, and a boy of twelve, with diphtheria, and scarlet fever in its worst form.

My first impulse was to have a little fresh air in the room, but on opening the window the mother rushed forward, and said, "Oh, nurse, you can't do that, the doctor said to keep them warm." And this poor ignorant woman had followed his instruction. There was no thermometer, of course, in the room, but I haven't the slightest doubt the temperature was 90°.

The little girl could not remain with the brother, and as there was no other bed, we put two kitchen chairs together, put an old coat and pillow on them, then doubled the last clean sheet in the house to form upper and lower sheet, covered that with an old quilt, and put little Helen in her new bed. The seats were placed with the front to the wall, so that the backs helped to hold her in her narrow quarters.

I found the doctor's written orders, and after a chat with the poor tired mother, persuaded her to lie down on the bed with the fourteen-year-old daughter, as there was no other place to sleep, except a little bed in the ell, where there was no heat, or bedding. In a few minutes from sheer exhaustion, she was fast asleep. Judging from the sounds from

below, the father, too, was sleeping. A nurse in the house had helped to lift the responsibility.

I opened a window, top and bottom, in each room, and kept up the fire, as bedding was scarce, and the night was very cold.

I could give the two sick ones my undivided attention now, as there were no interruptions. The little girl's temperature was 101°, and pulse good, throat swollen, but no ulceration. The boy was asleep, so I got his rectal temperature without difficulty, or without disturbing him very much, 105°; his pulse was poor.

The mother had left a pitcher of milk on the top stair, which I placed in the open window, and used a bed-side note for a cover. I gave the little girl a drink and she soon dozed off. By this time the boy had awakened. On examining his throat, I found it almost closed. I sprayed it, as the doctor had ordered, every hour. I gave hypodermics of strychnine, as needed, gave a tepid bath and kept cold cloths on his head.

All through the night, and the following day and night I worked over little Helen, and "Pete," but mostly "Pete." At five o'clock the next morning I sent Mr. Reilly for Doctor B. who arrived later. Pete's heart was fast giving out. The stimulants did their work until about nine, then one more little angel was welcomed in heaven.

Meantime the convalescents had been dressed and taken down to the kitchen, where they huddled around the fire. Then Helen and her temporary bed were put in the convalescent's room. The mother cared for her, while I prepared Pete's body for burial, which the Board of Health took charge of. I also prepared the room for fumigation.

I carbolized sheets, blankets, and everything that could be washed. Other things were destroyed in a bonfire. The toilet was some little distance from the back door, so a great deal of strength was expended in disposing of the stools and urine of the four patients.

As the mother and father had taken care of the sick ones, cooking the meals, etc., it was impossible to isolate the patients, except their dishes, hence the whole house was to be fumigated as soon as desquamation ceased.

The oldest girl was quite strong and helped her mother some with the little boy. Little Helen was improving each day, and the mother thought she could take care of her. I knew that I was an extra one to be fed, that there was barely food enough for the family, and the sleeping quarters were limited, so Doctor B. said I could fumigate everything and leave. Having fumigated my things, and taken a bichloride bath, I walked to the nearest telephone and ordered a livery-stable man to take me to the station.

When I arrived at my home I entered through the laundry. There I took out all the things in my bag, took another bichloride bath, shampooed my hair, closed the laundry, and burned two formaldehyde candles which I had brought in my bag. My friend gave me a bath robe and slippers, so that all my clothes were left in the laundry, and refumigated. I went up stairs, took a hot bath, re-rinsed my hair, and went to bed. I think I slept twelve hours without waking!

I have not given many details of my stay at this poor woman's home. You can imagine what it meant to nurse where there were no modern conveniences of any kind. While I was with her, Mrs. Reilly learned many things about sickness, caring for her children, and best of all, about ventilation.

LETTERS FROM A PRIVATE DUTY NURSE

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THE NURSES' LODGE,
January —, 19—.

DEAREST MARY:

Thank you so much for your lovely Christmas greeting. It meant almost more to me than usual; because I happened to be nursing—a frontal sinus case—in a lonely little country town off the railroad, where there was not even a church. The loving remembrance of my friends gave me especial joy.

Whenever I return from an absence to the Lodge, I realize what a nice place it is to live in. You know on each floor there is a dining room, kitchen and little laundry. That means that we can have clean food, cooked by our own hands, instead of the dubious food of the cheap restaurant; and, if we desire, we can keep our garments white. So much for the house keeping division. We also have our Library Committee which selects from the new publications the most interesting volumes on nursing, medicine, and social service; and the reading room book shelves are a constant source of interest, and of stimulation to a wider outlook. Our Entertainment Committee arranges a real party for Halloween and Washington's Birthday, a glee club concert in January, a dance at Easter time, and a picnic in June. The Instruction Committee provides us with lectures twice a month during the school year on the latest medical and surgical methods—except that the first lecture of the New Year is by a clergyman instead of a physician. Of course we always have some notable man. I don't know whether it is for that reason, or because the nurses are keenly interested in spiritual things, but the attendance at that lecture is apt to be overwhelming. We sometimes